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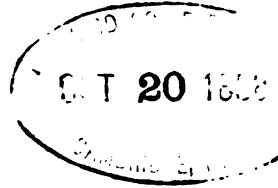
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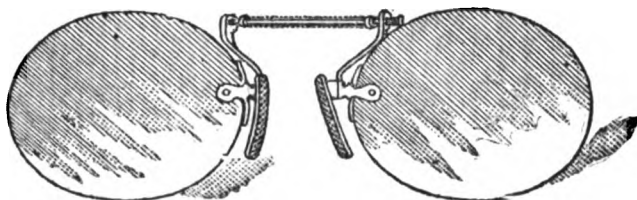
VOLUME LXVI.—No. 1

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
The Week		Two Sides of the Fence	7
After the War	1	The Passing of the Storm	9
Nineteen Hundred and Two	1	Barlow's Sal	10
A Word to College Writers	2	An International Complication	12
Mooring	2	Book Reviews	14
Miss Peyton's Red Parasol	3		

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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

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We know better now than we did a year ago what Mr. Higginson's speech, from which the quoted phrase is taken, meant to the older men of the university when he addressed the students and graduates June 10, 1890. The fellows who died in this war were known to many of us and for them as well as for the Harvard men of the

Rebellion, Mr. Higginson has spoken the final word. It is the character of the Anglo-Saxon genus and especially of the species dominated by Puritan reticence, to say little and think much of gentlemen who have died doing the duty that belongs to all of us. To know what we ought to think about the few men we have lost in the Spanish war, we cannot do better than to read the thin little pamphlet containing Mr. Higginson's address, rich in those simple great thoughts that the man of fifty knows how to say so much better than the undergraduate.

The Freshman has been taught to regard himself as the smallest part of the community. This is a good precept if it tends to make him modest and self-contained. But he should not give it a self-annihilating interpretation. He is, from some points of view, the most important of the quartette. We know pretty well the capacity of the other three, it is to the new comer that we turn for the fulfillment of the hopes which raw material always gives rise to. Let him feel that the senior is corporal of the four and that numbers Two and Three are more experienced drillers, but let him not forget that at times he is pivot-man and that the evolution of the four depends much on his steadiness.

Mr. Nineteen Hundred and Two Man, nearly everything now is in the hands of the upper classman, but he has no inherited right to his job. If you can beat this Senior or that Junior in the kind of work he tries to do, his place is yours. If you cannot beat him, see how near you can come to equalling him, and you will be his successor. Do not think that the causal clause “because I am a Freshman,” is a reason for

anything except an abundance of gentlemanliness and perseverance on your part. Your success in college for four years is worth more to you than the Junior's welfare for his two remaining years is to him, for the exact mathematical reason that your time in college is to be twice as long. Therefore you ought to work twice as hard to establish yourself as a useful, energetic member of the university.

This is perfectly plain sense, so clear that to the upper-class men it is a series of truisms. Some men, no matter where they are in their studies, are always Freshmen. Some Freshmen are as good as good Juniors by the beginning of the second term, simply because they take hold of things soon enough, do honest work in support of college enterprises and do not talk too much about it.

We have had a dozen written inquiries within a week as to what sort of manuscript the *ADVOCATE* prints. The policy of the *ADVOCATE* is not so narrow as to debar any article that would have a clean interest for undergraduates in general. If you like to write for us, the label to paste on your desk is, "The *ADVOCATE* is likely to print anything of mine which I would like to read if some other man had written it." That may be so comprehensive as to suggest nothing, but it is the only answer that we can phrase to the question "What kind of things do you like?" We prefer a story to an essay, a quatrain to an epic poem, but if you think undergraduates would like to read your work, send it along, no matter what it is about. The canons of decency, it is hardly necessary to add, we try to follow as becomes the oldest publication of a Puritan college.

MOORING.

THE mists blow over the lea,
The ships put in from sea,
But I see her hair
With the rosebud there
And the world is well with me.

The breakers pound on the shore,
The distant pine-tops roar.
There's a cloud aloft,
But her lips are soft
With the kiss I am longing for.

The rain beats down on the world,
The dripping sails are furled,
But clear are the skies
In her sea-deep eyes
Where never a cloud has curled.

O'er the bay we love to sail
The mad storm voices wail,
But the sounds of the sea
Will be song to me
Till the song of our love shall fail.

P. H.

MISS PEYTON'S RED PARASOL.

FAR BELOW the tops of the dark pines, the gently roughened surface of the lake shivered like chain-mail in the hot afternoon sun. All round it the walls of deep green dropped steeply down to the water's edge, with scarcely a break in color except where, in places, bits of gray rock jutted out into the open. It was from the highest one of these tiny table-rocks, way above the cottages and turreted roofs of the hotel, that Miss Marion Peyton abstractedly gazed on the green and silver below. Regardless of the sun which beat into dazzling vividness her skirt of white duck and her pink shirt waist, she poked with the tip of her closed parasol the bits of moss which clung in the crevices of the bare rock.

Her golf clubs and tennis racket, for once unused, lay on the hall seat in the big house whose chimneys just showed half a mile down the shore. The sophomore who enjoyed hill-climbing, and the other young gentleman, who possessed a Rob Roy canoe and a pair of excellently tanned arms, searched for her in vain. All that people could say was that Miss Peyton had gone off alone early in the afternoon, remarking to some one that she wanted to think. It seemed a most amazing and unwarrantable proceeding. In the first place Miss Peyton was an "athletic girl." She had limitless quantities of what the novelists somewhat vaguely call "good red blood," and she was expected to affect sweaters and an irresistible air of *camaraderie*. It was her rôle continually to prove to the masculine mind the weakness and inaptitude of the masculine body. Without her, everything of course must stop, and the girls and men loitering in the shade of the hotel porch felt, somehow, ill-used. Certain allowances might be made, because, with the summer so near an end, complications might have arisen with so popular a girl as Miss Peyton, which required thought. She was, indeed, the sort of girl not to think about such things until she had to. She had a mask of breezy playfulness which was most distressing to the younger and more imaginative of her admirers. She would much rather talk about

the beauty of the road or the roughness of the course than about the future careers of the young gentlemen with whom she walked or played, and inside facts about the reasons for last year's defeat or the hopes of next year's victory, interested her more than facts about the inside of their heads or even their hearts. That she felt at all, few were certain; of the depth and seriousness of the emotion which for the past few weeks had been growing more and more turbulent beneath the gay impenetrability of her manner, none had even suspicions. Though something were about to occur, it seemed all the more strange that she could have escaped without being accompanied by the Centaur or even the Somnambulist.

The Centaur's name was Waldron. On his college football team he had been variously known as "beef" and "slugger" Waldron. He was tall, broad, athletically-handsome, and had about him the air of one who always succeeds. To Miss Peyton, who was supposed to regard a massive pair of shoulders with almost the connoisseurship with which a horseman regards the limbs of a thoroughbred, such a man would evidently be irresistible. By those who believe that Mother Venus and the young archer always play a sort of celestial game of casino with their victims, the two young people were said to be made for one another. The only opposition to Waldron's monopolization of Miss Peyton was made by the Somnambulist. She herself had invented the pseudonym for Lester, and it represented with droll accuracy his lack of energy, of true sporting blood and of the things which athletic young men most obviously admire. Spending most of his time, when not with Miss Peyton, smoking over a book under the trees that shaded the great rambling house of the Lester's, he seemed to regard the hotel people from the point of view of an amused spectator. Toward Waldron, even, he maintained this attitude, a feat which both the guests and the Centaur, himself, regarded as additional proof of singular deficiency. Miss Peyton was the only object for which he seemed to feel real human

interest. As to the success with which his personality met that of Waldron's, she, more than any one else, was able to judge and likely to be affected. The lookers-on knew only that, though she always tolerated his presence, she chaffed him unmercifully. It was said that a man must care a lot for a girl to let himself be made such a fool of.

"Of course," Miss Peyton was sighing, aimlessly poking a bit of moss over the edge of the cliff, "of course things could n't have gone on so forever, — it was too fine for that," — she inserted the tip of her parasol beneath another tuft, — "of course they could n't." With hands clasped round the ivory handle and brows puckered, she gazed distressedly out upon the lake. "There is the place," — she stared fixedly way off toward the farther shore, "there's where he stopped paddling and there, — O, what am I ever to do! If only he had n't, or if he had waited — to-morrow I should have been gone and he would have forgotten, and everything would have been simple and easy. And now he has made it so hard for me — he says he will never forget, and I shall be followed everywhere — he said he would — and he is so — so big, somehow, that you can't tell him to run away, and this minute I suppose he is trying to find me and I — I want to be rescued and" — Miss Peyton dropped the parasol into her lap, — "and there is no one to do it."

While she thus soliloquized, the suspicions of her ears had kept increasing her anxiety, and suddenly the distinct sound of breaking twigs, from a short distance down the slope to the right of the rock, brought her head up with a jerk. "He is coming!" she whispered quickly, her fingers opening and shutting nervously around the ivory handle. "It will be so always and all the time and forever and what can I do — here — all alone." — Just then her searching eyes caught sight, through the branches, of a tiny Eton cap.

"O," said Miss Peyton. "It's the somnambulist." The pucker faded from her brows and the look of bored fear from her eyes, but as she waited she began to breathe more quickly, and just as the owner of the cap was about to push aside

the bushes and step onto the rock she suddenly seized the red parasol and pushing it up very quickly, held it low over her head.

"O really, Miss Peyton," came Lester's easy drawl as his face emerged, "don't put it up, I beg of you — you've forgotten the shirt waist, — they won't go at all, you know, really they won't."

Miss Peyton looked up amusedly as he stood regarding her with much seriousness, and half unconsciously closed her parasol. She always liked to talk with the somnambulist. There was something in this inconsequential greeting which was typical of that droll, half embarrassed manner with which Lester masked his inner composure, and which seemed to take her back out of her anxiety and to make her feel as though she had a protector. Perhaps never before had she felt toward him this same kindly warmth, — as though he suddenly had become an old friend.

"Why did n't you come round by the road?" she asked.

"It was too far and would take too long." I saw your parasol through the trees from the house."

Miss Peyton observed some scratches on his hands as he patiently plucked the burrs from his golf stockings and was not insensible to the implied compliment.

"You may stay," said she, "though I —"

"You came up here to think, that's what they told me. I wish, though, that you would n't. You're going away, you know, and we ought to talk."

"That's just why, — that is, I must think about going."

"Oh I know," assented the somnambulist. "I was thinking about the same thing, — about your going, you know." Miss Peyton turned her head aside and rested her cheek upon the handle of the parasol. "It has been so long now, so long and such good fun while it was going, and one has — has got so used to it."

"Don't, Mr. Lester, let's not begin that way. We should have to get sentimental, and neither of us is of that sort, and least of all here in this hot sunshine."

"O that depends," said the Somnambulist very

slowly, following out with his pipe-stem the pattern of his knickers, "one gets to know people pretty well in a place like this, and to finding out the little things and adding up those he likes, but we must n't have a scene."

"No," said Miss Peyton, looking toward him for an instant with a laugh, "we must n't have a scene." She never had felt quite the same comrade-like feeling for any one that she felt for the Somnambulist at this instant. Claspings her hands round her knees she looked amiably off into the distance.

"We have had some pleasant times, all of us here this summer. I'm quite sure that that battered old racquet never had more fun in his life,—that is if he feels, and do you know," Miss Peyton spoke with somewhat unusual vivaciousness, "I almost believe they do."

"They ought to, of course," admitted the somnambulist gravely. "I've often, under circumstances, wished to be one."

"You had rather be than see one, I suppose, because the other might imply that you had to use it and the first means mere existence, and that"—Miss Peyton looked very determined as though she were saying that which conscientiousness forced her,—and that's *your* ideal."

"Yes, I know," he said apologetically. "I suppose you are right—of course you are. It wouldn't do for me to make a try at competing with the others at that kind of thing. But when you are gone,"—he paused tentatively,— "when you are gone you will have to classify us in some way, you know. And along with the trees and the water and the tennis racquets and—and the furniture—I'm not so bad, do you think, in that class."

"No," laughed Miss Peyton, turning and glancing at him for an instant, "you're very, very excellent, even though you're not—a hero."

Lester cast a look that was half despair, half droll commiseration at the averted face of the girl.

"You're getting into your rôle again and I wish you would n't. You will begin to scintillate in a moment, and when you do that I always wonder if you were n't born too late. Don't you

know, Miss Peyton, since we got away from dragons and drawbridges heroism has to be inferred."

"Even though it's not implied." Miss Peyton held the distance with her eyes as though it were a tennis-ball she were about to volley into the farthest corner of the court.

"You always judge so by the outside of things—by the thinnest outsides," mused the Somnambulist, looking into the bowl of his unlighted pipe. "What's one to do? One can't do any different, it would be too much like what Jack Horner shouted after he got the plum."

"No, certainly not; but one can tell by little things what he will do when the time comes. I'm afraid they can, and the possible time is what one always thinks of. You must n't think the girls who waited in the lattice windows and,—and, all that, were very different from us. The kind of a man that a girl——"

"There's a girl in it, too?"

"Of course there is." Miss Peyton felt a prickly warmth spreading down beneath her high white stock, but she went on firmly, "A girl must judge by the very outside things, and the man who never,—that is the kind of man that appeals to a girl——"

"This is n't heroes, its hearts, and if it's that, if it's that,—" the somnambulist turned toward the girl and his drawl braced into sudden earnestness,— "you don't fancy that when it comes to pleasing the girl or doing anything for the girl—the girl one takes to, you know,—that any man would back off from—from anything,—you don't believe *that*." He leaned forward, staring into the girl's eyes. Miss Peyton did not know whether or not to laugh. Then of a sudden an odd look flashed into her eyes. Jumping up she walked to the edge of the rock. Thirty feet below, the wall jutted forth into a narrow ledge, on a level with which were the tips of the tallest pines.

"The Somnambulist won't ride a horse or row a boat, or even,—or do anything, but he can make very pretty speeches." There was a flash of crimson, and then a light slap as the parasol struck on the ledge below.

"I've dropped my parasol," said Miss Peyton,

and turning she regarded the Somnambulist with a smile. Already he had flung off his coat.

"Do you mean it?" he cried eagerly, "really, do you?" The girl gave a little gasp as he lay flat and swung himself over the edge. She had never seen him like this.

The rock was not quite perpendicular, and here and there were jagged projections and stunted, tough little bushes. Miss Peyton started to say something, but she could only gasp a bewildered and frightened "Don't!" when the fascination of the thing overcame her. She kneeled flat at the edge and looked down with devouring eyes. Slowly, from point to point and bush to bush, watching his feet like a cat, Lester descended. In the excitement of it Miss Peyton forgot the perilous rashness of the act, or that she was its cause. At last, when within a few feet of the ledge, Lester let go his hold and dropped safely. Dashing his shirt-sleeve across his face he looked up with a grin.

"Don't go away, Miss Peyton, look down — look down just as you are now, and I'll bring it to you."

"You will fall! you will!" groaned Miss Peyton reaching for him with her eyes.

"O but I could n't now" — Miss Peyton wondered afterward that she had not thought it strange when he added, "my princess."

Giving a hitch to his belt and taking the slender parasol between his teeth, Lester started upward. It had been far from a simple matter to go down, and to come up was twice as difficult. The girl heard him breathe very quickly several times, but the wadding of scarlet silk kept her from knowing that he was cursing savagely. Once his foot slipped from under him and stretching her arms down toward him, Miss Peyton cried in terror, "O, O, my dear, dear Mr. Lester."

Lester looked imploringly upward. "Miss Peyton, O, I say, repeat that!" With scrupulous care, inch by inch, he edged painfully nearer the top. He was within a few feet of Miss Peyton's extended hand when, firmly gritting his boot in a tiny cleft, and grasping in his fingers, claw-like, two projecting knobs, he paused. The sweat rolled in beads down his temples.

"In the old days," he said, smiling grimly up at the face bent toward him, "in the old days, the girl threw her glove down among the lions, and told the man to get it. And the man who loved her, — who thought he did, you know — went down and brought back the glove and — and threw it in her face. It sounds well in the book, and I always fancied, you know, that he — that he did the right thing, but I don't believe it now, I don't, because —" as he spoke he again started upward.

"Come!" said Miss Peyton, stretching her hands as far as she could reach. "Come, you're all right! come. O, if ever you get up here safe — dear Mr. Lester, O, O."

She saw the bush by which he was pulling himself up, suddenly come out by the roots. She caught the glimpse of his upturned face and the snort of surprise as he fell back and out. She saw his body fall like a stone past the ledge and disappear with a crash of broken branches in the pines below. Then Miss Peyton screamed, and quite forgetting her character, fainted dead away.

The sun glared for some moments on the tumbled folds of white duck and the silent white face, before, with a weak gasp, she raised her head and strained her eyes over the edge. The white, splintered wood of a broken branch showed out of the dark green. At the sight of it she gave a sick little groan and hid her face in her hands.

Miss Peyton had never lived in a lumber camp, and she had no suspicion of the singular life-saving properties possessed by the thick, flexible network of a great pine-tree's branches. If a voice had come up from below she would not have known she heard it. With face buried in her arms, she lay, moaning. When, at last, she gathered courage to venture another fearful look, the sound of footsteps brought her head round with a start. Limping down to the ledge from the path behind, his lips pressed into an odd smile, and in his hand a tattered scarlet parasol, was the Somnambulist.

Miss Peyton rose on her arm and caught her breath. "I was trying to tell you, you know, that the fellow was wrong," began Lester, as

holding the parasol by the tip he extended the handle toward Miss Peyton, — "he did n't give the girl a fair chance, because ——"

But Miss Peyton had risen to her knees, and mechanically taken hold of the parasol handle, when, all at once, her voice came to her, and laughing and crying hysterically, she fell forward and seized Lester's other arm. He winced, though he stood still, and apologetically drew it away.

"I don't believe you'd better," he said, sorrowfully, "I'm afraid it's broken; "but the

fell ow, that is the girl might not have thought much about it — and maybe she did n't know just how he ——"

"She was wrong and she did n't know, and he was a hero, a hero all the time, and she knew it — only she did n't quite — but she does now, and she — she ——"

"Do you mean it!" cried Lester. But there were no more words, and in what then ensued the tattered scarlet parasol dropped from the hands of each and fell forgotten to the ground.

A. B. Ruhl.

TWO SIDES OF THE FENCE.

"YOU have not been here for a long time," she remarked contentedly, sitting down on the piano stool, while he leaned back on the sofa.

"Cheerful thought! Seems to please you. The fact is I have been ——"

"Don't you say busy — college men have no right to the word."

"Don't be alarmed, I was going to say, sick."

"Not really!" she looked very sympathetic, and, being a man, he liked it, but pretended not to.

"Real or imaginary, it was somewhat painful."

"You don't look thin."

"No, I waited till I got fat again. I knew you did n't like scrawny men." He smiled as he poked his finger tentatively into his firm leg.

"But I don't like plump, lazy people, either. The two go together."

"According to your idea, colleges must be asylums for the obese."

"What do you mean, silly?"

"You said we are all lazy, that is, you said not busy, which is the same thing."

"It is painful the way you remember things I say, and repeat them hours later."

"Hardly ten minutes," he objected.

"Why do you store them up so?"

"Because you say them, I suppose."

She tried to look unconcerned and of course made a failure of it. She had turned so that he looked at her profile, and was running her hand softly up and down the piano.

"You've said one foolish thing," she ventured finally. "Now it's my turn."

"Shall I keep score?" he asked, pulling a note book from his pocket.

"Perhaps it is n't necessary. I shall soon be ahead."

"Let us have number one, now," he said quietly.

"I was wondering if you did not stay away on purpose all this time."

"On purpose to get well, yes, and on purpose not to pain you by throwing my emaciated form at your feet."

"Well I'm sorry I said it now." She ran several chromatic scales on the piano.

"Will you please play something?" he asked soberly.

"Why did n't you say 'bang the box'? You usually do."

"Because I did n't mean that. There is a difference. You do both."

She played a piece from memory.

"That was good. I like your playing," he said honestly. "What is it?"

"Some unpronounceable thing by Rubenstein."

I can't even spell it without looking at the copy. I can't find it now."

She rummaged among the piles of music and made an odd attempt to put some impossible syllables together. They both laughed.

"Rubenstein went to a watering place and this piece is supposed to describe the people he met there. You noticed how the movement changed?"

"Seems to me that erratic little part that shifts from one end of the piano to the other might apply to you."

"Why?"

"Who but a girl would ask a point blank 'why'? You might at least say something uncomplimentary about yourself and that would leave me a chance to give the right answer—because it's a trifle erratic and very sweet."

"This jigglely place in the bass is like you," she retorted quickly.

"Because it's hard to play?" He looked squarely at her when he said this, and laughed when she put on a reproachful expression.

"I was n't going to give you a chance to ask why. I mean because it seems very complicated when it is n't. It doesn't develop the theme very far."

"Now you're getting too technical for me. This character analysis in terms of music is too much like shooting round a corner. You mean, of course that I don't pursue a subject very far. A kind of a simple soul not fond of straying far from home or threading labyrinths. That's very obvious. There was something more subtle about my comparison of you to that quick variation."

"Do I change much?"

"You shift your position often and rapidly. You don't change permanently. That's just the point. You fly back and forth like a tennis-ball. You are first on one side of the fence and then on the other. You jump it gracefully when my back is turned."

"I don't understand you."

"Of course you don't. I'll help you. A year ago you were sitting on that piano stool, and I came over and kissed you. You had always objected before; this time you did n't. A month

after you held me at arm's length. I stayed away and you wrote me to come. Soon after we came home from some place in a carriage. You were not icy. Last June you took formal leave of me when you went abroad. In the fall you kissed me when you came back. Since then I've been sick. I have n't been able to watch you. I do not know which side of the fence you are on."

"Why did n't I hear that you were sick?"

"I don't know; because I did n't write home."

"Mamma had a letter from your mother wondering why you did not write. Of course you never write to me."

"I did n't suppose you cared to correspond much, when you are only four miles from college. I come often enough myself—when I am well."

She was silent for several moments.

"I am glad," she began at last, "that it was sickness that kept you—don't misunderstand me."

But there was no need of the injunction, for, although ordinarily he would have laughed a sarcastic "Thank you! How sympathetic!" he was quite still and waited.

"Because," she continued, "I was afraid something, my changeableness or something else, had offended you."

"No indeed, Ella; a man expects a woman to be variable. They all are."

"I wish you would n't fall into those stupid generalizations. All women are n't anything, and all men are n't anything."

"It's lucky I know what you mean."

"I am changeable, but that's no sign the whole sex is. I'm not going to be so any more."

"You are going to stay, you mean, on the same side of the fence?"

"Yes I am."

She brought her foot down emphatically.

"And do you mind telling me which side of the fence you happen to be on when the resolution takes effect?"

"On the side—on the side you'd rather have me on, even—if I have to change!"

M. A. J.

THE PASSING OF THE STORM.

IT WAS a lazy afternoon in mid September.

I had had vague thoughts of golfing or riding bicycle, but they had failed to materialize. For such an afternoon I felt that I could manage only the "lightest" literature. I had, therefore, taken "Don Belasco of Key West" and had come down to the little red shop, where Seth Coffin did all sorts of odd jobs, making everything from baskets to thole pins. The shop was a haven for all the captains in town, both for those who had "circumnavigated the globe" nine times, more or less, and for those whose experience was limited to the Sound. Another attraction was that the shop still possessed some of that much sought for quality called quaintness. Outside the door, mouldering in the grass and burdocks, lay the huge head of a right whale which had so long been exposed to the weather that it looked like a large block of pumice stone. Through the diamond panes of the window I caught a glimpse of hopeless confusion. The figure heads of vessels, old spars, masts, oars, anchors and fishing tackle crowded each other for room.

When Seth was not in the shop he was generally on the "Julia." The "Julia" was a small cat boat provided by the Government, in which he sailed out to the jetty lights. Seth had had this place for three years, starting when he was only twenty. If you wanted to get on his right side you had merely to sympathize with him on the amount of "red-tape" involved in a Government position. When he talked about his work his eyes flashed. His eyes always looked as if he were trying to peer beyond the horizon—a look which only sea life gives.

Vainly I shook the latch of the shop door. Seth was not there. So I walked slowly along toward the wharf, my feet leaving on the tar sidewalk impressions which gradually faded away, as if I had been treading on sponge cake. At the end of the steamboat wharf, in the shadow of the freight house, I found a fairly cool spot. Lighting a cigarette, I began to read. Before long I heard voices and from curiosity

craned my head around the corner of the freight house. I saw a girl in a pink shirtwaist standing with one foot on the float, the other on the gunwales of a rowboat. She wore white shoes and her sleeves were rolled high above her elbows. Beside her with his hat and coat off was Seth. He seemed to be remonstrating with her. Surely one of the hotel girls could n't be going for a row on such a sultry day. But so it seemed, for with a laugh she got into the boat and pushed off. With a steady click, click of the rowlocks and a pleasant gurgle of the water, she started out toward the Point. I felt some surprise at this remonstrance of Seth's, for generally when a pretty girl said to him come, he came, and when she said go, he went. The problem, however, was too much for me and I began to read again.

As the pink waist rowed over the sizzling water, it gave a pleasing touch of fresh color to the glowing landscape. The boat, carried by the tide, glided past the squat white lighthouse on the jutting end of Brant Point, and headed for the bell buoy. I wondered if the girl could row against that swirling tide, for I had tried it. Then came a squeaking and a rattling of a hoisting sail, and the "Julia" went slowly by. Seth stood at the tiller, his eyes seaward, and he did not notice me. The sun dazzled on the white sail, which now and then flapped lazily in the uncertain breath of air. Seth's course seemed to be the same as that of the pink waist and with a smile I thought, "Can she be still another?"

Soon the pink waist had passed out beyond the two jetties and drew near the bell buoy, from which an occasional mournful note rang faintly across the water. The heat had now grown so intense that I decided to go home. Just as I was getting up I glanced at the West. There, rapidly growing up out of the horizon was a cloud, one glance at which was enough. It glowed dully as if a fire were burning behind it. It grew hurriedly and ate up the blue sky. The girl so far had had her back to the West. Soon she circled around the bell buoy. Instantly she

began to tug at the oars, as her boat headed shoreward. But she did not seem to be gaining on that resistless tide.

The air had now become heavy and parched, and there was a stillness as of preparation for disaster. A few large drops of rain splashed hissing on the oily water and thumped on the dry boards of the wharf. A gust of cold, moist wind swirled past, whirling some bits of newspaper far out from the wharf.

The girl seemed to be loosing ground. Suddenly she grasped the bell-buoy and fastened her painter to it. By this time all the sky was purple black, save in the West where jagged brazen streaks glowed and in the East where was still a thread of blue. Out of the West I saw a line of foam fleeing across the water toward the buoy. Then the squall burst from the angry clouds. The wind tore at my clothes and the whirling clouds of dust nearly blinded me. I strained my eyes and at last I saw the "Julia," heeled away over, hovering near the buoy. Then the misty darkness swallowed up the buoy and the two boats.

Before long the clouds lifted a little. There,

just inside the foaming white caps of the bar, was the "Julia," driven on by the gale. Seth, at least, was safe. But the rowboat had vanished. Soon the "Julia" rounded Brant Point and swept up toward the wharf. Already the darkness was hustling eastward and streaks of dusty sunlight gleamed in the West.

A bareheaded figure stood at the "Julia's" tiller. Down in the cockpit was a blotch of pink. As the boat came up to the wharf, the sun burst forth again and the wind began to flatten. Save for the foam on the bar and the streak of blackness in the East, the storm had left no traces. The "Julia" rounded up to the float and Seth jumped ashore, holding out his hand to the girl. Then he signalled for a carriage. The girl stood still, as if dazed. Seth bent down to tie the painter. The girl fumbled in her pocket and brought out her purse. She started to open it. Suddenly she closed it and hastily put it away. She shook hands warmly with Seth. Then the carriage door opened and slammed to and the carriage rattled away over the cobblestones.

John Higginson Cabot, 2na.

BARLOW'S SAL.

CARROL was alone with Barlow; and Barlow was dying.

The quiet close of a well-rounded life Carrol had seen more than once: his relatives seemed always to be dying — there were so many in the family, and the old blood was so thin. But never before had he seen the snuffing-out of a young life. Looking at the fading light in the face of his friend, he fell to musing over their strange comradeship.

Carrol had first seen Barlow lounging across from Stoughton to Thayer; and no man of Carrol's breeding ever noticed Barlow's swagger without disliking him. Later, he had stumbled into an introduction, and had felt a bit nervous as he realized that his aversion had gradually yielded to Barlow's magnetism. For an hour he lis-

tened to well-told tales which showed him that Barlow, in his twenty years, had seen and felt and done more of good and evil than Carrol had ever read of. The chance meeting of this pair, apparently so ill-assorted, grew into a firm friendship. Carrol's old friends laughed at the strange intimacy; but his mother grieved over it. He himself gloried in it, and it had remained unbroken throughout their years at Harvard and had lasted on into life. Barlow was the one medium through which Carrol had been brought into touch with the living, breathing world from which family tradition, wealth, and environment had cut him off. No matter how cramped his father's office, or how prison-like the long lines of dusty law-books might seem, a glance at one of Barlow's letters would never fail to transform

it all into jungle, or prairie, or the long, oily heave of the Pacific.

Barlow had once, — half jokingly — promised Carrol that sometime he would drop his roving, come back to New York and settle down in quiet bachelorhood with him. Carrol cherished this hope and believed in it firmly enough to hire rooms for the two. Each year he added some picture, or rug or bit of old furniture; occasionally he went there, sat by the cheerless grate, looked at the two pewter mugs on the mantel, and longed for the night when grate would glow and mugs be filled.

At last they were in the rooms; but from what the Doctor had just told him, Carrol knew that the comradeship of his fancy would never be realized. Barlow had come back to him, his life burning out with a fever. Day by day Carrol had sat by the bed-side, waiting for a break in the fevered flow of words. Only once was there anything coherent in the mutterings: Barlow had been moaning, tossing, and mumbling; suddenly he cried, "I have it! I knew I could n't forget *that*. 'The sickness gets in as the liquor dies out! That's it. That's just it. I wonder how he knows so much. 'As — the — liquor — dies — out,'"

There was a brief silence; then the muttering went on until the sleep, in which he now lay, gently came upon him. The Doctor told him that Barlow would be sane when he woke; Carrol was watching him intently. At last the eyes opened and the gaunt hand closed on his, not fitfully, as in the fever, but with feeble firmness. Barlow looked up at him, smiled and said faintly, —

"Why it *is* Cal, is n't it?"

"Yes, Jack. It's Cal."

"Something has been telling me all the time that it was you. When my luck left, they all — all but Sal — turned on me; but I kept up until they told her that lie, then she went, too. After that I let everything slide till, when it was too late, and the fever had hold of me, I braced up just enough to get from New Orleans to you — I had the address, you know. I came yesterday, did n't I, Cal?"

"No, Jack," said Cal, "you've been here a

bit longer than that. But," he added cheerfully, "not half so long as you and I are going to stay here, now that you are getting better."

"Getting better? Who says so? Don't believe 'em, Cal. I've used up what you'd have to fall back on and I'm done for."

"Oh no you're not, old man. But we won't talk about that now; you're too weak. Take a little nap."

Barlow quickly fell asleep again. When he awoke, he called out in a stronger voice,

"Cal!"

"What is it, Jack?"

"It's about her — Sal. I never wrote to you about her because, — well, she's not quite your kind; and we were happy and careless and we forgot, — well, we forgot the parson. Don't look that way Cal; it was all right, wasn't it; if — if we loved each other?"

"But Jack, did she love you? Where is she now? You're sick."

"They lied to her, Cal; and Sal — well, Sal's fiery, — that's her spirit you know — and she left me, and I was too sick to tell her the truth. But — and this is what I'm driving at — I think, Cal, if you'd write what I tell you and say to her, too, that I'm all better, I think she'd come. I know she would."

Carrol wrote as Barlow dictated. They waited until Sal's illiterate answer came. Then Barlow called back all his ebbing strength and seemed to improve steadily until the day Sal was due in New York. Carrol went to the station, feeling a trifle nervous; he had never talked to a woman like Sal; he feared lest he should say the wrong thing and not appear cordial to Barlow's friend. The brakes ceased screeching; the dusty, tired people filed out of the coaches. Carrol had been doubtful about recognizing her; but there could be no mistaking Sal; gaudy gown, fluffy, frizzled hair, rouged cheeks, — all that he had expected and dreaded were there. He went up to her, —

"I beg pardon, but is this Miss Huckins?"

"Miss Huckins! Huh! No. I'm Sal."

He told her his errand.

"Sick? Why did n't he say so? I ain't no good when folks is sick."

"He did n't wish to alarm you," said Carrol.
 "Huh! I did n't come way up here to see a sick man."

"He is not only sick; he is dying."

"Huh! I don't like to see things die."

"But," protested Carrol, "I thought you — I thought you — loved him."

"Loved him? Huh!"

"I think, then," said Carrol coldly, "you had better take the next train South. The porter will tell you about it. Good morning."

Without lifting his hat, Carrol turned away, and hurried back to the rooms. The face on the pillow was fevered again, and the eyes had a hectic eagerness.

"Hello, Cal! I'm better. Where's Sal?"

"She did n't come, Jack."

"Well, she'll come on the next train, I know she will. But I can't last till then, not even for her. It took all I had to last till now. But Cal?"

"Yes, Jack."

"She tried to come; did n't she?"

"I'm sure she did, Jack."

"Well, that makes me feel better. When she comes, Cal, try to like her. You loved me; she loved me. Like her for that. And don't let her — take — it — too — hard, Cal."

The hand which Carrol held tightened on his.
M. Churchill.

AN INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATION.

THE quarrel was about Morgan, a Welshman, whose half-brain was quite filled with hatred of the tyrant Saxon. But it was a vague, harmless odium that vented itself in scurrilous epithets against the conqueror and in hyperbolical laudation of the oppressed sons of Llewelyn. I fear we made life gall for the lad. Fisher "minor" was regular in his spirited declamation of "Taffy was a Welshman"; concomitant with diurnal tea was Hallahan's innocent question if we had ever heard of the Welshman exhibiting his pedigree with great pride and pointing half way up the list to Adam? In the study, after supper, I always begged for "Men of Garlick-Harlech" — excusing myself by the emblem of Wales — a leek. On St. David's day French scented the patriot's bed with one.

But with the advent of Fisher "major" — older and more sensible than the rest of us — came to me conviction of the wrong of it all. He and I became defenders of the dauntless Morgan, placing ourselves as such squarely against the pleasure of our comrades.

That I was a "Yankee" had before been pardoned. Aside from a few impassioned arguments on questions of athletic superiority and occasional word skirmishes, we had dwelt in love

and unity. But with the severing quarrel came discussions, personal, in *argumentum ad hominem* fashion.

Once I referred to all English girls as marble Ionic columns — too long for their breadth — with no perceptible *entasis* anywhere, and with capitals unsymmetrical because of *volutes* of hair in the back — all of which was of course untrue and indelicate.

At dinner I was the more piqued at Dekker's denunciation of all things American, owing to the presence of Olive, for I liked Olive; her eyes were endless blue grottoes. So I remarked: "Truly this man will make an admirable English soldier: running down the American in peace, running from him in war," whereupon the blue grottoes sparkled merrily and the Doctor cackled, and Dekker scowled and with him the youth of Britain.

So we quarrelled and ceased to speak and were all firm and foolish and miserable. One day after about a fortnight of taciturn hostility Fisher, Morgan and I were parodying cricket in the shed with broom handle and tennis ball.

"What's that?" exclaimed Fisher, dropping the ball and bolting.

"Lord, what a row!" said I. "Come on,

Morgan, let's get nearer to it." We found the other fellows gathered round a piper, who was proclaiming in high, shrill voice his glorious and gory part in the Crimea. He was an old man, with hair and moustaches white. He wore the regulation Highland uniform: garish kilts and iridescent stockings that left the knee bare. A long plaid fastened on the left shoulder with a silver clasp, hung down his back. On the right side of his girdle dangled his purse—a fierce looking pouch with tufted hair appended. The exhausted bagpipe under his arm completed the picture.

"Aye, laddies, the Black Watch I served in—a glorious regiment." (Here he pointed to a small silver crest on his bonnet). "Many an honorable scar hae I to show. Thank you kindly," he said, sinking into a chair Williams had brought. "You hae an unco guid heart to care for an ould carl the likes o' me. Och, 'tis a grievous wound that in my foot what the Russian gae me at Sebastopol—damn 'em eternally! A'weel what would ye hae me to play?"

"The Campbells are comin'," said Dekker.

"O, good! and since you hae so well chosen, will ye no blow him up"—him was the bagpipe—"for the breath is failin' in my old carcass?"

Dekker hung back. I jumped up accordingly and blew till the escaping air squeaked dolefully.

"Thank you, bairn," He gave the pipe a tender squeeze under his arm and marched forward with long martial stride. I spat vigorously. The long plaid stood out from his back like a bellied sail. The bagpipe's woe was long and monotonous, but finally with one high, exulting squeak it ended. We three applauded loudly; the others, as a matter of course did not applaud at all.

"And what will ye have now, laddies?" asked the piper, after a recuperative pause.

"Yankee Doodle," I exclaimed.

"Right," said the piper, smiling. "'Tis a bonny race ye hae over there; 'tis no more, though, than a clan from old England," with which encouraging encomium he struck up.

"He's a poetical chap, is n't he?" Fisher remarked. "That's a rum brogue, though; it does n't sound Scotch."

"No? Perhaps English alloy has debased the pure Gaelic gold."

"Yes," assented Fisher, absently.

"Those apoplectic gaspings of the pipe might as well pass for the 'Dead March in Saul' as 'Yankee Doodle,' but he means well," I said, rubbing my hands in anticipation.

Fisher, Morgan and I made a respectable noise, but we were obliged to make it alone. A look of surprise wrinkled the Scotchman's face. "Can it be ye dinna like the music?" he queried in a puzzled way. "But no, ilka body likes that. Then 'tis the lad ye dinna love as ye should and his country, what's a clan o' your clan. Out upon ye for Englishmen. Fie upon ye! Do ye no' ken the Holy Scriptures what bids ye to love the stranger in your gates. Up, every one o' ye, up and grab him by the fist," he continued with such chromatic crescendo that the fellows turned from his fiery glances. "Hoot, ye will no' do it? But ye shall do it or my name's no Sandy."

But his name was Sandy, for *mirabile dictu* up rose French and strode straight to where we were inspecting pebbles on the ground. "I suppose we've both been wrong," he blurted. "Let's make up."

So we did and all shook hands mightily, forgetting Sandy. He did not realize the slight. "I e'en thought ye were the right sort," he interjected, calling attention to himself.

"Those who dance, come on, pay up," shouted Hallahan, enriching the old gentleman by a 'bob.'

Well-earned increments speedily raised the musician's finances to pound respectability. "Real gentlemen ye are and mindful of a poor old soul what has fought for your country," exclaimed Orpheus, much moved.

Fisher threw himself on the grass beside me. "The old boy has asked Williams for a shirt. I should have thought he could buy one now."

"Scotch thrift," I replied. "Like his countryman 'who had n't been in London half a day when bang went sexpence.' By Jove, I've got a shirt for him."

I believe we all remembered shirts we could n't use, for in a few moments there emerged from

the house a procession of shirtbearers who laid their offerings at the shrine of the peacemaker. "God bless ye, laddies," exclaimed the departing piper. His old face was covered with smiles; his arms — with shirts.

Next day Tom came home from Cambridge. Told about the piper, he burst into uncontrollable laughter. "You've been horribly swindled. The scoundrel got enough shirts at Cains to clothe him and his male descendants for a hundred years to come. Now Jones happened to need cash and hied him to the pop shop. There he saw all of the skirts and the bag-pipe to boot."

"Well, he's an old man," pleaded forgiving Fisher.

"Old man? O, you poor fools. He's a clever young English rogue, who has n't seen any more service than have you or I. You don't believe it. Well, when he pawned those shirts and the bag-pipe he had a smooth face and bald head. Just when it was too late, of course, the 'bobbies' sent warning to look out for him: they described him and his little game. The patriot had worked the same trick at Oxford."

"Well, he's welcome to my 'bob'," smiled Fisher.

Murray Seasongood.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"WHAT IS ART?" — Leon N. Tolstoi. Translated by Charles Johnston: Henry Altamus, Philadelphia.

In reviewing Tolstoi's "What Is Art?" one is tempted to grow controversial. We had thought that the proposition briefly suggested by "Art for Morality's Sake" or "Art for Humanity's Sake" had been defended for all time by Ruskin. Certainly it seems that any new attack on "Art for Art's Sake" should at least show an improvement on Ruskin's method, by being cool, discriminating and logical. Whatever Tolstoi's

book may contribute in crude idea, is set forth in an intemperate manner.

Beginning with an amusingly satiric description of the rehearsal of a comic opera, the lowest form of artificial sight and sound that struggles for the title of art, Tolstoi seems to conclude with an air of triumphant irony that this, your "Idols' Eye," or your "Jack and The Beanstalk" (to translate his allusions for the modern American) which people call art, is worthless, with its common place tunes, bad rhymes and vulgar pink uniformed semblance of naked legs; ergo art as art is worthless. Now

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any book on art which begins by choosing such a specific example of rottenness to represent all stage production ought to put us on our guard at the outset.

We are told that beauty is merely another name for personal gratification or pleasure and is the "vitiating factor" (mark the word) in art. Beauty has nothing to do with real art, for beauty and goodness have nothing in common and art is the expression of "good" feelings. It is just here that Tolstoi touches Ruskin, for Ruskin taught that morality must be at the bottom of good artistic expression. In no other respect do these critics agree. Their attacks on "art for art's sake" are from different points of view and Ruskin's ideas are of course vastly more tolerable if not more tolerant. Good art, according to Tolstoi must be clear, lucid expression of emotions possible in all sane men, which tend to bring them into a common brotherhood with each other, with God as the father. Any art which an average workman cannot understand

is not only worthless, but pernicious. That taste is bad which considers itself educated above the masses. Of course such sweeping socialism is hardly acceptable. Arguments against it would be truism to the modern reader.

The good of the book lies in its severe and much needed rebuke of literary snobs who form mutual admiration societies called "schools of art," and are constantly whitewashing the fence that separates them from Philistines (*i. e.* everybody else). We at Harvard know too well that there is a tendency among certain gentlemen of the English department to estimate super-subtle indirectness of expression above everything else on either side of the heavens. The idea embodied counts for nothing so long as it be concealed in language which shows "sensitiveness to word effects, etc." If Tolstoi can pull such people into the sunlight, his book will not have been in vain. His rating of word-jugglers like Mallarmé, Verlaine, Maeterlinck, is of course too dependent on personal taste to be final, but to



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BOOK REVIEW.

VIBRATION THE LAW OF LIFE. By W. H. Williams. The Temple Publishing Company, Denver, Colo.

In these latter days, when the bright rays of Christian Science and mental healing are fast dispelling the blighting cloud of superstition known as medical science, the rising of Mr. Williams "with healing in his wings" will be eagerly welcomed. The new "cure," heralded by "Vibration the Law of Life," consists in the agitation of the solar plexus. Persistence in this exercise brings about wonderful results, if we may believe Mr. Williams. "It rends the veil of the temple, opens the door to the sub-conscious, and lets a flood of life and light in upon the soul germ."

The volume is taken up with a description of the various methods of agitating the solar plexus, and thus rending "the veil of the temple," best fitted to persons of different ages and temperaments, and with a no less graphic description of

the joys attendant upon the opening of "the door to the sub-conscious." We fear, however, that the book is too technical to be popular. It will pass above the heads of the crowd. But certainly its contents, and especially the exercises prescribed, should appeal most strongly to the enlightened few, who, to borrow an apt phrase of the mental healers, are "in the thought." It is needless to add that the style of the book is highly suggestive of the contents.

Books Received.

LA MAIN MALHEUREUX, H. A. Guerber. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

LE SIEGE DE PARIS. Francisque Sarcey. Edited by I. H. Spiers. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

ESSAYS IN DRAMATIC CRITICISM. L. Dupont Syle. Wm. R. Jenkins, N. Y.

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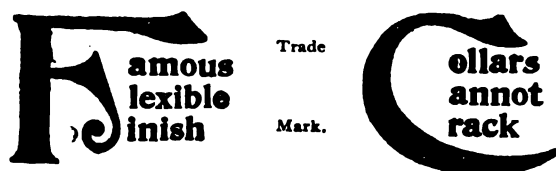
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
The Week		The Leaf	104
Jaffray's Death	97	Her First Escapade	104
"Fathers, Mothers and Freshmen"	97	A Russian Proverb	106
Prizes for Debating	97	On the Last Night	109
Dusk	98	Book Reviews	110
On Blue Nose Mountain	99	The Poet's Death	112

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